

My Wife

You ask what makes this Turkogrook
Why he takes a stand in such a way
What caused the dear Howard his fate
I gave early morn till close of day
My story I never you shall hear
You are my memory fresh to tell
It will show you all to see
As the good young & worthy folks
I have

When the birds were singing in the ^{forest} ~~wood~~
And the angels were singing in the ~~clouds~~
And the sun was shining as a ~~star~~
I was then as I am now and

I never shall forget the day
When you say that you are still
I am not a day old
I am not a day old

And when I see its joyful form
And when I see its joyful form
And when I see its joyful form
I stand my hands clasped in prayer

I often wish that I was dead
And laid beside her in the tomb
The sorrow that bows down my head
Is silent in the midnight gloom
The springtime has no joys for me
Though flowers are blooming in the dell
For that bright form I do not see
Is the form of my sweet Kitty Well.